



This makes him look meager,
a wanton Elf,
His mind is so eager
to humour his senses,
that by his expences,
he ruins himself:
This makes him so meager,
he's nothing but pox and diseases,
so after enjoying,
the pleasure is cloying,
and quickly displeases.

Then shew me the woman,
in City or Town,
Tho' never so common,
With such a lewd fellow,
so tawny and yellow,
will laugh and lye down:
For sure she's no Woman
that trades with a son for a Whore,
who having enjoy'd her,
will strait-way aboid her,
and see her no more.

The passionate Lober,
that's caught in his youth,
May plainly discover
that all his persuasions
are subtle evasions,
and far from the truth:
For he that's a Lober,
and courteth sincerely and truly,
may keep his affection
in civil subjection,
from being unruly.

Printed for P. Brooksby, the at Golden-ball near the Hospital-gate, in West-smith-field,



But let the fond Bully,
his fancy employ,
He never can fully
or being in suspicion,
the sweets of fruition,
true lovers enjoy:
In spite of the Bully,
the pleasure of Conjugal kisses,
is always delightful
and far the more frightful;
of temporal blisses.

And yet for the Gallant,
we must not deny:
But that he's so valiant
as stoutly to threaten,
the girl shall be beaten,
that will not comply:
Beware of the Gallant!
I know he's a desperate creature,
If any abuse him,
Or dare to refuse him,
he swears he will beat her.

Sir Fopling, your Servant!
the man's in a pett:
What makes you so fervent?
You burn in displeasure,
pray cool at your leisure:
that's all you will get:
Your Servant, Sir Fopling,
say all, and do more than you can stir,
'Tis still my opinion,
We shall have dominion,
take that for an answer.